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[The spirit which breathes through the following letter, is in every way so gratifying to our feelings, and so kindly and delicately anticipates what we had wished to say, on the important subject of sterling contributions from the native talent of our country, that we have solicited and obtained permission from the fair and amiable writer, to publish it along with the delightful tale which it accompanied.]

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,

It gives me very sincere pleasure to proffer you my first contribution to the "Dublin Literary Gazette," and to offer you, as an Irishwoman, my very grateful thanks for having commenced an undertaking—the success or failure of which will make me either proud or ashamed of my country.

If Scotland can and does support two weekly Literary Journals, it would be melancholy indeed, if in Ireland one such publication, and that so spirited an one as is now about to issue from the press of Dublin, did not prosper.

My humble, but cheerful attempt, may, I hope, do good in one way—it may induce some of the many hundreds of our countrymen and countrywomen who are reaping gold and golden opinions on this side the channel, to use their pens in forwarding a work which must decide the yet undetermined point—whether in Ireland there is spirit, energy, and national feeling enough, to sustain a literary periodical.

Pray command my services in any way, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA MARIA HALL.

59, Upper Charlotte-st. Fitzroy-square.

December, 1829.

KATE CONNOR,

(A TRUE RECORD)—BY MRS. S. C. HALL,
Author of "Sketches of Irish Character," &c.

"Trust me, your Lordship's opinion is unfounded," said the Lady Helen Graves; and as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened and her cheek flushed with greater feeling than high-born fashionables generally deem necessary.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, "and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter; methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues: "come," he continued, "sit down on this soft Ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse, not from principle."

"How long can an impulse last," enquired the lady, who, like a good girl, did as she was bid, (which women by the way, seldom do, unless they have a point to carry), and seated herself at her god-father's feet, in the very spot he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she enquired—"tell me first how long an impulse can last!"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love, although acting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe, and now your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden, whom I dearly love—aye, and respect too, and whenever I think of sweet 'Kate Connor,' I bless God that the aristocracy of virtue, (if I dare use such a

phrase) may be found, in all its lustre, in an Irish cabin."

"It was on one of the most chill of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself, at that *outre* season, when every body is out of town, arrived here from Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him, to remaining on the coast alone. "Not at home to any one," were the orders issued, when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers; from his occasional frown I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature; at last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said—

"that strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent." I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to make some enquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. "I cannot understand it," he said; "when we resided there, it was only from the papers that I heard of the 'dreadful murders'—'horrible outrages,' and 'malicious burnings.' All around us was peace and tranquillity; my rents were as punctually paid as in England; for in both countries a tenant, yes, and a good tenant too, may be sometimes in arrear. I made allowance for the national character of the people, and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled as joyously over potatoes and milk, as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavoured to make them desire more, and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants."

"And, dear sir, you succeeded," I said. "Never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere, than when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent."

"Hold, Lady Mal-a-port," interrupted my father sternly; "I selected Mr. O'Brien: you can know nothing as to his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party."

"Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter amongst my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification than the most successful season in London." My father smiled and shook his head. "The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear"—he paused, and then added abruptly, "it is very extraordinary, often as I mention it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I sent them over with my own, and they have been acknowledged!" He had scarcely finished this sentence, when we heard the porter in loud remonstrance with a female who endeavoured to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. "Ah then, sure, ye woul'dnt have the heart to turn a poor craythur from the doore—that's come such a way, jist to spake tin words to his lordship's glory. And don't tell me that my Lady Hilin woul'dnt see me, and she to the fore."

It was enough; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter—and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart, but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly, between hers—exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobe almost choked her utterance—"Holy Mary! Thank God!—Tis herself sure!—though so beautiful!—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!" And then in a subdued voice she added—"Praise to the Lord!—his care niver left me—and I could die contint this minute—only for you, mother, dear!—yerself only—and—Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered—when they saw Kate Connor—seated that evening by my side—and my father (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

"Whin ye's left us, we all said that the winter was come in arnest, and that the summer was gone for ever. Well, my Lord, we struv to please the agint, why not?—sure he was the master ye set over us!—but it doesn't become the likes o' me, nor woul'dnt be manners to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good as a jintleman, to be sure, by ye'r lordship's notice—which the whole countrry knew he was not afore—either by birth or breeding. Well, my Lady—sure if ye put a sod o' turf—saving ye'r presence—in a goold dish, it's only a turf still—and he must ha' been ould nick's born child—(Lord save us!) whin ye'r honor's smile couldn't brighten him—and it's the truth I'm telling, and no lye—first of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the new hedges—and thin we were forced to give our best fowl as a compliment to Mr. O'Brien—because the goat—(and the crathur without a tooth!) they said, skinned the trees—then the priest (yer Lordship *minds*, Father Lavery)—and the agint, quarrelled, and so—out o' spite—he set up a school—and would make all the childer go to larn there—and thin the priest hindered—and to be sure we stud by the church—and so there was nothin' but fighting—and the boys gave over work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went—only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering yer kind honors wid. My brother, near two years agone, picked up wid the hoith of bad company—God knows how—and got above us all—so grand like—wearing a new coat, and a watch, and a jewel ring! so—whin he got the time o' day in his pocket, he wouldn't look at the same side of the way we wint—well, lady dear, this struck to my mother's heart—yet it was only the beginning of trouble—he was found in the dead o' night" (continued poor Kate, her voice trembling)—"but ye hard it all—'twas in the papers—and he was sint beyant seas. Och! many's the night we have spint crying to think of that shame! or on our bare bended knees—praying that God might turn his heart. Well, my lady, upon that, Mr. O'Brien made no more ado—but said we were a seditious family, and that he had yer lordship's warrant to turn us out—and that the cabin—the nate little cabin—ye gave to my mother was to go to the guaiger."

"He did not dare to say that!" interrupted my father proudly—"he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood."

"The word—the very word I spoke"—exclaimed Kate—"Mother, says I, his lordship would niver take back, for the sin of the son,